

The only question for us is,  
when we scream From the  
River to the Sea, Palestine  
Will Be Free, do we mean it?  
Will we meet the Palestinian  
resistance in the possibility for  
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# **REPORTBACK** **from the PORT** **BLOCKADE in** **TACOMA**

this conversation.” Can we remind these solidarity organizations that it is nothing other than the Palestinian resistance that is taking on the u.s. military and its support for the zionist occupying entity? Can we remind these solidarity organizations that it is nothing other than the Palestinian resistance that is escalating the global situation towards victory, freedom, liberation, and return? If you won’t do what’s possible to stop a genocide, please do not fucking hinder those who will try.

If the goal was to Block the Boat, to prevent the boat from being loaded with weapons, to prevent the boat from leaving, we massively failed. If the goal was to delay the boat with a large spectacle and display of solidarity for a ceasefire, an end to the genocide, and a free Palestine, we accomplished that spectacle. This is a form of solidarity that has its own importance—as a symbolic display. Not as a material intervention into the logistics of genocide. The anger, rage, and desire with which we entered the action still remains—we still wish to meet the Palestinian resistance in a global Intifada against genocide and its imperialist support. This rage is real. While the Tacoma action wasn’t our moment, the feeling of being around others who shared that rage in the midst of the concrete logistics of genocide convinces me that we will find countless other moments. If we can delay a boat transporting the weapons of extermination and leave with unimaginable potential, what else can we do, alone and together? The targets are everywhere. The secret is to begin. In every city, we should call for militant demonstrations for the freedom of Palestine and the victory of the resistance. Multiply sabotage. Multiply blockades. This time, let’s mean it.

**From the River to the Sea.**

**Intifada Until Victory.**

**Victory to the Palestinian Resistance.**

**Palestine Will Be Free.**

would be nothing stopping the boat from being loaded. Yet, the boat left regardless. The boat wasn't blocked. Worse, the opportunity was wasted in order for fraudulent displays of "success."

If the military had been loading the boat the entire time, why didn't we change tactics, why didn't we reorient, why didn't we find opportunities to engage, why didn't we escalate the possibilities of resistance? According to one worker, in the morning of the action ILWU local leadership informed longshore workers that the military personnel already present within the terminal would load the boat, which, if true, would mean that the point of the action—to prevent the ILWU workers from loading the boat—was decided the morning the action began. According to another worker, it was indeed the military that loaded the boat, which, further, potentially violates the ILWU contract. Why didn't we act?

Even the militants bought into the misinformation from the organizers that we were doing something materially impactful, and since we were doing something materially impactful, the situation would inevitably escalate until we could be decisive and seize the moment for attack. Except we weren't impacting anything. So the moment would never come. While we were waiting, we could have been acting. If we knew that from the moment the action began, the ILWU wasn't going to load the boat and the military would take over, we could have shifted. If all of the weapons were already behind the fence, we could have focused less on barricades to block the entrance of trucks or trains and more on possibilities of bypassing the fence. Even the indigenous-led kayak action to block the boat was manipulated into thinking their action was a success and left the water. When the organizers called for dispersal at what felt like the height of the action's power, we could have taken that moment further. We didn't.

When questioned about why we were disbanding a powerful action before its power had even been realized, when the opportunities for engagement were all around us, when innumerable more supporters were pouring in from the north and the south, an "organizer" in a yellow vest told us, "What, you think we can take on the u.s. military?" Later when asked why we were leaving at the height of the action, they said "As a Palestinian, I'm feeling very escalated in this situation, and I'm going to walk away from

The contradictions deepen, contract, morph, stretch, swell, strain, until, in this world of death, they erupt, and the dead make their daring prison-break into the future—the possibility of life, land, freedom, and return. On October 7th, whether they knew it or not—certainly their enemy didn't—the Palestinian resistance engaged in what would become the beginning of the Final Intifada. No longer shall the meek inherit the earth, but by any means necessary revolution until victory. Like Vietnam, Cuba, and Algeria before them—the Fedayeen were there for them all—the armed struggle of guerrillas fighting against all of the weapons of hell on earth in the most desperate and decisive of temporalities—if not now, never—when they win, the world will change, and struggle will cascade across a fractured capitalist-imperialist order, as the oppressed of the world take up the possibilities for struggle given to them by the revelation that their oppressors are nothing but paper tigers, are weaker than a spider's web.

In a sense, they have already won, since they have delivered a decisive blow to the material and existential foundations of the world's most brutal genocidal settler-colonial occupying entity—and against all of the bloodthirsty imperial powers lining up to ensure the finality of their project of extermination. The only question for us is, when we scream From the River to the Sea, Palestine Will Be Free, do we mean it? Will we meet the Palestinian resistance in the possibility for revolt they have introduced into this prison world the moment they tore down the walls? Will we go beyond calls for ceasefire, humanitarian aid, and an end to genocide, and bring the war home to fight to defeat u.s. imperialism, the precise cause for the extermination of the Palestinians and their imprisonment within expulsion, siege, and the world's largest concentration camp?

In Oakland, comrades locked down to the Cape Orlando, a genocide boat that has been deployed before by the u.s. to transfer weapons to the Middle East and is now supplying the armaments the 'israeli' Occupying Force is utilizing to massacre and exterminate Palestinians in their quest to finish the Nakba. Our Bay Area comrades on short notice delayed the boat for 8 hours, and calls were quickly spread to Block the Boat when it docked in the next port in its route towards genocide and ethnic cleansing. The exact time was unclear, but we all remained flexible, converging upon the Port of Tacoma from everywhere along the west coast with the certainty that this time, we wouldn't merely delay the boat, we would stop it in its



tracks, for we had forethought, planning, supplies, maps, affinity group coordination, and a militant spirit to confront the genocidaires in their abyssal logistics of death.

Comrades had learned from the Olympia and Tacoma port militarization resistance, and the battles of 2006–2007 wouldn't be repeated but surpassed. After the ceasefire marches, sit-ins, and symbolic displays of solidarity in the hundreds of thousands, after the Palestine Actionists' spectacles of sabotage of Elbit and other manufacturers of death, after the incendiary expansion of the struggle to Stop Cop City into internationalist terms of solidarity as attack, and after quiet nights of anonymous spray-paint, banner drops, wheat-paste, shattered windows, and scorching accelerant, we were all here together with an exact material aim, the urgency to accomplish it, the numbers, energy, and desire to succeed in it, and, despite unfavorable terrain, an acceptance of the collective risks involved. So why the fuck did we stop?

The basic action as imagined and executed by the main organizers—Samidoun and AROC-Bay Area, with auxiliary support from Tacoma DSA and Tacoma Mutual Aid—was a picket line at each of the three entrances into Pier 7, the deepest into the port. Every entrance was already blocked, however, by Tacoma Police, Port security, presumably DHS and border patrol, the Coast Guard, and the military. The action, then, would be directed towards the ILWU Local, who would be able to cite "Health and Safety" concerns in order to honor the picket line and refuse to load the genocide boat.

Without direct access to the boat, all the Block the Boat action would be able to accomplish was to force the issue of worker solidarity and direct the masses of participants (over 1,000!) to walk in circles repeating the chants "protest marshals," conspicuously dressed in yellow vests, relayed through megaphones, breaking up the monotony of the picket with updates from their anonymous sources about the status of the blockade, instructions to stretch or break, some speeches, and many self-congratulatory declamations of success. Throughout the day, focus was emphasized for shift-changes when workers would be potentially entering the pier to load the weapons, and on a single worker who apparently was wanting out of the operation, refusing to participate in the logistics of

genocide. Snacks, waters, canopies, rain ponchos, all streamed in, while hundreds continued to walk and to walk and to walk in circles.

The more militantly-minded, meanwhile, were off gathering rocks, rail ties, tires, pallets, and concrete slabs to build impromptu barricades at the entrances, where behind the fence the police and port security were waiting in intimidation, flashing their lights in the fog. Graffiti emerged on every surface, window, shipping container, and concrete barricade—which the organizers were not pleased about, and intervened often too, but still it proliferated. Rocks and other ballistics were gathered in dumpsters and placed in strategic areas for potential confrontation. The main rail line in and out was barricaded. So sure was everyone of the inevitability for confrontation—since a blockade is by nature a disruption of crucial logistics that must at all costs continue to flow, the weapons of the state would surely be used to ensure the weapons of the state reach their destination—that the hundred or so militants present just waited, preparing themselves, gathering the energy and preparing the surroundings for battle.

But, what the organizers didn't tell us—didn't tell anyone until it was far too late—was that the blockade as it was imagined and executed, as a picket line to prevent the ILWU workers from loading the weapons, was useless in the first place, since the military was already there to do the work of loading the weapons and were loading the weapons both from boat and from pier while the militants were constructing barricades and the protesters were marching in circles. There were rumors that since the dock workers were unable to operate the cranes, the military was only able to load small arms, instead of the Strykers, Iron Dome batteries, or Merkava tanks that were actually destined to be loaded from JBLM caches. There were many rumors, but the boat was loaded, and left.

What the organizers did tell us is that our action was a resounding success, that we made a material impact to stop genocide, that we should be incredibly proud of ourselves, that we fucking did it, we accomplished a blockade—but they also told us since the boat was loaded, we should all leave. Everyone was confused, startled, stunned, deflated, disappointed, and left. Either the boat had been loaded, and we didn't even complete a port blockade, or the boat hadn't been fully loaded, and if we left there